

# THE BANNER-ENTERPRISE

SMITH, MEBANE & WILLIAMSON.

"GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES."

Editors and Publishers.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

NO. 10.

## LIFE'S HEROES.

Not alone is he a hero who is brave where cannon thunder, Or with ardor hastes to mingle in the carnage of the strife; Greater deeds by noble soldiers oft elicit naught of wonder, For the field whereon they act them is the battlefield of life. 'Tis not always he whose name is blazoned fair in song and story, Who most merits from his fellows glowing tributes to his might; Oft a higher, purer hero acts a part unknown to glory, As it simply as his duty, struggling bravely in the right. 'Tis in ventures, deeds uncommon, feats of risk, instinctive daring, Do not always mark the presence of a courage real and true. Better far the reasoned labors of a heart no efforts sparing, First, to know what is proper, then that act, with strength, to do. Call him hero, if he wish it, who in storm or conflagration Risks his life in deadly peril to preserve a friend or foe. Yet the deed, though brave, may cost him far less trouble and vexation Than the slightest manly effort to restrain his passion's flow. 'E'en ignoble men, and hardened natures, coarse and wholly brutal, Sometimes spurred by love of plaudits, seem to act a noble role. But their aim is base and selfish, and their claims will e'er prove futile, If they wish their names, as heroes, fairly wrought on Honor's scroll. See the oft-recurring struggles—daily combats, trials bitter, That beset the faithful Christian, striving for celestial crown; Is not he who here is victor far more worthy, better, fitter To receive our cheering plaudits—win a lasting bright renown? Some there are, both high and lowly, who repine not when they're smitten; Cheerful while their spirits quiver 'neath affliction's heavy rod. These are heroes, brave and true ones, and their names are ever written, Not on fleeting human records, but in volumes penned by God.

—A. Merlin, in Boston Pilot.

## MISS KATE'S AUNT.

"Yes, he's just the man for Miss Kate," said Mrs. Pierrot, who was not a Frenchwoman, notwithstanding her name, but only a Frenchman's wife. From long association, and from listening to that gentleman's conversation, she had imbibed French principles to a sufficient extent to make her quite approve of the marriage de convenience, and Mr. Pierrot, as his American neighbors called him, quite agreed with his wife's remark. In fact, the first suggestion that the man in question, who was Mr. Hugh Sherbourne, should marry "Miss Kate," had come from Mr. Pierrot; and had, after some familiarizing herself with the idea, come to be a fixed fact in the mind of Mrs. Pierrot. "Miss Kate" was a lady of rather uncertain age, whom those interested in her thought had remained "Miss Kate" quite long enough. She lived in a pretty little cottage not far from the Pierrots, and was indeed their landlady; and Mr. Sherbourne was their rich and rather eccentric lodger, who had met Miss Kate once or twice in Mrs. Pierrot's parlor, and had become curiously interested in her because of a real or fancied resemblance which she bore to a former friend of his—which former friend, as the Pierrots had taken pains to discover, was an object of an unhappy attachment. As for Miss Kate on first meeting Mr. Sherbourne, and being introduced to him, she had turned violently red, then equally pale, and had altogether shown such emotion and embarrassment that the Pierrots never had any doubt but that she had met her fate and had surrendered at discretion. From that hour the two match-makers determined that Mr. Sherbourne should marry Miss Kate; and at once entered into various little conspiracies for forwarding their design. But the object was gained. Miss Kate had got into the habit of dropping in on her neighbor's house quite like one of the family, and being there she was frequently begged to remain to tea, and then, as the evenings were short, it was too dark for a lady to go home alone, even so short a distance as that between Mrs. Pierrot's house and Miss Kate's. Naturally then, Mr. Sherbourne being of a gallant style, notwithstanding his disappointment in love, always accompanied her; and thus a friendship, which was an excellent good substitute for a more romantic passion, according to the Pierrots, gradually sprang up between these two amiable people. From walking home with Miss Kate, Mr. Sherbourne soon came to calling on her of his own accord, and everything went on in a manner to all appearances quite satisfactory to the Pierrots. And to that remark of Mrs. Pierrot's, with which this brief chronicle begins, Mr. Pierrot responded in a tone of intense conviction: "Of course, as I have always said, cheri, he is the very man for Miss Kate; but tell me, mon ami, has she asked her yet; has she told you anything absolute?" "She tells me nothing—everything, I think," said Mrs. Pierrot, musingly, "but she has never said explicitly, in so many words, that she is going to marry him, or even that he has plainly asked her to do so, yet I have got the impression, somehow, that they are engaged."

"Hum-m!" said Mr. Pierrot reflectively. In his country, he could not help thinking, young ladies, especially elderly young ladies, were not so mysterious; and if they had an engagement to announce, were apt to be rather in a hurry to publish the fact, instead of keeping it a dead secret. Mrs. Pierrot continued: "The fact is, I suppose, it depends somewhat on that aunt of Miss Kate's, of whom we hear now and then. My impression is that the aunt's consent will be necessary before Miss Kate will even listen to a proposal, far less promise to marry any one. I know Katie sets great store by her aunt—it is always what will auntie say—and will auntie like it or would auntie be willing I should do so and so?" "Well, well! I wish this mysterious auntie would—what you call it?—put in an appearance," laughed Mr. Pierrot, "anyhow, I hope she won't be the means of keeping Miss Kate from making a good match—probably her last chance, too." A few days later Miss Kate came over quite early in the day—an unusual thing, for her calls were generally made in the evening, and as soon as Mrs. Pierrot saw her she felt that a crisis of some kind had come. "What is it, dear?" she asked with the quick sympathy natural to the feminine temperament on such occasions. "Something has happened, I am sure." "Yes, dear Mrs. Pierrot," answered Miss Kate all in a flutter, "my aunt has come and I have left them together." "He has proposed then—actually proposed?" "Oh, yes, long ago," Miss Kate laughed, and added with a blush, "and was accepted too." "And you never told me!" murmured Mrs. Pierrot reproachfully. "My dear friend, I couldn't until my aunt came," said Miss Kate, deprecatingly. "And now you have left them together," said Mrs. Pierrot. "Well she won't be so mad as to refuse her consent. She won't send him away." "Oh, no; she will never send him away any more," Miss Kate murmured, dreamily; and though the phrase seemed extravagant to Mrs. Pierrot, she only smiled, and was careful not to intrude on her friend's happy musings except by an occasional sympathetic remark. The time passed, minutes into quarters, hours, and quarters into hours, but Miss Kate seemed in no hurry to return to her ennobled swain. At last Mrs. Pierrot, who began to get out of patience with her calmness, dreaminess, content—whatever it was—said: "Kate, you do take things coolly, I must say. I'm sure Hugh Sherbourne must be tired waiting for you. He has surely said all he could possibly have to say to your aunt by this time." "I am not at all sure of that," Kate returned with a sparkle of mischief in her quiet, soft gray eyes. "My aunt is thought by many people to be a very lovely and charming woman." "Lovely and charming!" repeated Mrs. Pierrot with a toss of her head, figuring to herself as Monsieur would have said, some tyrannical old goosin of sixty. "Pray, what may her age be?"—this lovely and charming relative of yours. "Aunt Nell will be twenty-one her next birthday," Miss Kate returned, demurely. "Twenty-one!" screamed Mrs. Pierrot. "You are laughing at me; it's impossible; why, you are yourself—" "Just thirty-one my last birthday," Miss Kate concluded, seeing that her friend had paused, unable to complete her sentence. "People are usually surprised at first; but the explanation is quite simple and natural. I was ten years old when Nell was born. You see we were a large family, and I was the first child of the eldest daughter, who, having married very young, made me a grown-up niece to a baby aunt, and lots of fun it was, for I was lovely Nell's favorite nurse; and almost brought her up by hand, for poor grandma never recovered." By this time Mrs. Pierrot had somewhat recovered her breath. She started up hastily, put on a hat and mantle, and exclaiming, "I should like to see this wonderful aunt of yours," started at once for the front door, closely accompanied by Miss Kate. As soon as they had reached the street, the latter continued: "I was just going to ask you to go with me and be introduced to my aunt—in fact, that was partly why I came over, you see, Nell was married at eighteen—" "Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Pierrot with another cry of astonishment, and insensibly her pace slackened—she was not in such desperate haste to reach Miss Kate's house. "And is she still married, then?" "Well she hasn't divorced her husband, though she once thought of doing so, for there was a terrible misunderstanding between them, but that is happily made right now." "And he is still living—she's not a widow; the husband, I mean?" Mrs. Pierrot gasped out in great confusion, but Miss Kate understood her. "She is certainly not a widow," she answered. "How interesting; tell me all about it. There's no need for us to hurry so," and Mrs. Pierrot's pace slackened still more; and by the time they had reached Miss Kate's house the match-making lady had learned much regarding the youthful aunt, but not sufficient to prepare her for the scene that met her gaze on entering the cozy little parlor where sat Hugh Sherbourne and Miss Kate's aunt.

A beautiful girl, or such she seemed, with hair of gold and eyes like purple violets, sat beside Mr. Sherbourne, and was indeed half embraced by his strong protecting arm, while his hand held both her two little snow-white hands within one strong clasp. The beautiful girl colored a little more deeply, but made no effort to draw away from her companion's embrace, while he laughed slightly, as he said by way of introduction: "Dear Mrs. Pierrot, this is my wife!" and in the same breath Miss Kate said, "And my Aunt Nell, dear Mrs. Pierrot." Later that day, when Mrs. Pierrot described the scene to her husband, his look of consternation afforded her some satisfaction; and when he said, "Nevertheless, mon amie, I still think he was just the man for Miss Kate," his cara sposa responded: "And so do I, my dear Pierrot!" —St. Louis Illustrated Magazine.

### The Day on which Congress Opens.

In very early times, when March 3 was supposed to be the last day to which Congress could extend itself in the old year with propriety, it would occasionally be found hard at work as the 3d passed into the 4th. As the 4th of March is the day for the inauguration of the executive department of the government of the United States, that date has become the first in this nation. It was fixed upon in 1788 by the action of the Continental Congress, which, on September 13, adopted the following resolve, preceded by a preamble which set forth in order the reasons for the action of that Congress at that time, "That the first Wednesday in January next be the day for appointing electors in the several States, which before the said day shall have ratified the said constitution; that the first Wednesday in February next be the day for the electors to assemble in their respective States, and vote for a President, and that the first Wednesday in March next be the time, and the present seat of Congress (New York) the place, for commencing the proceedings under the said constitution." The first Wednesday in March, 1788, fell on March 4, hence the precedence of that day in our history under the constitution. It was not till the 30th of April, 1789, however, that Washington became President, owing to various circumstances, but in 1793, when he entered upon his second presidential term, he was inaugurated on March 4. Were 1883 an inaugural year, the ceremonies would have been postponed to March 5, as March 4 fell on Sunday. Next year will be the leap year, and March 4 will be on Tuesday, and the next presidential term on Wednesday, March 4, 1885. Our century of Presidents will be completed on March 4, 1889; and the President to complete it will be chosen in 1889-90, if we shall insist that the work must be done by a newly-chosen President. Properly, we should say, the man who shall go in 1889 will be the completing chief magistrate of this nation, as will regard the first century of the nation's constitutional life. It will be soon enough to discuss the matter almost six years hence. Possibly April 30, 1889, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's first inauguration as President of the United States, would be selected as the most fitting day on which to have a national celebration of the beginning of our career as a people with a fixed government of limited powers, and with the principles of liberty admitted in every way—save where the colored race were concerned. —Boston Traveller.

### Villages in China.

Villages, not badly built by any means, occur at intervals of a mile or more apart along the roads of China. Very good brick—much about the same size, shape and material as those made in this country—compose the walls of the better houses, while for the poorer order of edifices mud is used. The brick walls in China are excellent—better than the cheap brick walls in America, and but little inferior to our best preserved brick. When villages are constructed of mud there is a striking resemblance to the villages of Egypt. The houses have no outside windows and but one opening, which is the door. The openings for lights are upon the roofs or back yards, and are without glass. The eaves are made to project so as to keep out the rain, and in doing so exclude much light as well. Blinds made of slats are sometimes used, and thin, light paper pasted over the slats serves to keep out some of the cold air and let in a little light. The houses are invariably one story high, and at the bottom of this custom is a superstition that higher houses would interfere with the spirits of the air ("Fung Chui") and offend them, thus bringing disaster upon the house or village. In front of each door, and at a distance of eight or ten feet, stands a detached wall, fifteen feet long, and as high as the eaves of the house, concealing the door from any person standing in front of it. This is for the purpose of defending the house and family from the malignant "Fung Chui" or spirits, which are popularly believed to fly only in straight lines and to be incapable of turning a corner. It follows that when traversing the air in search of a certain house when they come in contact with the wall they are thrown off at an angle, and thus baffled of their purpose, and fly in a tangent through infinite space and are lost. A Chinese village has but little in common with those of this country, either in detail or in general appearance. While the villages of America, copied from English prototypes, are peculiar from their detached and separate build, with gardens and grass plots, those of China are compact, huddled together, and present from a distance the aspect of a mere dead wall. One peculiar aspect of all Chinese cities and villages is the absence of all steeples, spires or pinnacles of any kind. While Mohammedan countries have the mosque, with its flashing domes and graceful minarets, and European and American centers of population are marked by lofty towers and spires, China is almost absolutely without any of these striking architectural points. The result is great monotony and dullness of aspect.

### SELECT SIFTINGS.

In Asia Minor there are olive trees still in full bearing known to be 1,200 years old. Mohammed had fits, and in one of them he fancied that he was inspired. Hence came Mohammedanism. A man breathes about eighteen times a minute and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogheads of air, per hour. Sea urchins are so tenacious of life that on opening one is not uncommon to see the pieces of the broken shell move off in different directions. Tiffany, of New York, has among his treasures a diamond valued at \$110,000, and it is said by those who know about such things to be the largest in this country. It weighs 125 karats. After the wheat came up, on a Kentucky farm, a sleet storm covered the field with ice. Before this melted a flood swept over, and the ice, rising to the surface of the water, pulled every blade of wheat out of the ground and carried it away. As a squirrel that had been shot at in Plumas county, Cal., jumped from the tree unhurt, the hunter's dog seized it. The squirrel caught the dog by the lip. Unable to shake the squirrel off, the dog ran to a stream near by, and plunging the squirrel under water, held it there until it was drowned. The strongest and commonest of the several Japanese papers is made from the bark of the Mitsuwa, a shrub which attains a yard and a half in height, and blossoms in winter, thriving in a poor soil. When the stem has reached its full growth, it is cut off close to the ground, when off-shoots spring up, which are again cut as soon as large enough. The main wheel of a watch makes four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 1,440 in a year; the second, or center, twenty-four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 8,760 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand) 1,440 in twenty-four hours, or 52,560 in a year; the fifth, or scrape-wheel, 12,960 in twenty-four hours, or 475,200 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in twenty-four hours are 538,800, or 141,912,000 in a year. It is said that "albinoes," or white freaks, are to be found in every species of bird and beast. Not long ago, Mr. Huston, of Kennard, Ind., caught a white squirrel. The little creature is as white as snow, and appears to be healthy. It plays a good deal, and is quite a pet. In Fluvanna county, Va., during the winter just gone, a sportsman shot a white partridge. The bird's plumage is as white as that of a seagull. It was sent to Richmond, where it has been stuffed and mounted as a curiosity.

### WISE WORDS.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable. If you would create something you must be something. Sunshine is like love, it makes everything shine with its own beauty. The very nature of love is to find its joy in serving others, not for one's own benefit but theirs. Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company and reflection must finish him. In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a brighter manhood, there is no such word as fail. For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles is to dream in the lap of folly. Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags. Hold fast to the present. Every position, every moment of life, is of unspeakable value as the representative of a whole eternity. To know how to say what other people only think is what makes men poets and sages, and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both. A medical authority says: "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion, and that the custom of our forefathers of eating at the table by jesting and buffoons was founded on true medical principles." From Death to Life. It seldom happens in real life that a young lady three years after being enveloped in her burial shroud and placed in her coffin as dead becomes a bright and happy bride, yet such a romance has recently developed in Baltimore, where Miss Mary Griffith, a beautiful young lady of about twenty-one summers, was married to Mr. Vivian Neale. Several years ago, when the young lady was residing in Cincinnati, she had a terrible fall down a flight of stairs and received injuries which were considered fatal. Several prominent physicians called to see her, and pronounced her case hopeless. One day the young girl grew much worse, fell into a comatose state, and as it was thought, died. The body was prepared for burial and exposed for two days in a casket to the view of friends. The day of the funeral arrived, and at the appointed time, the carriages and hearse drove up to the door. Just as the coffin was being closed it was noticed that the life-like appearance of the supposed corpse was more pronounced, and there were slight signs of returning vitality. A physician was called, and after an hour or so Miss Griffith returned to consciousness. The solemn gathering was turned into one of joy. The young girl recovered rapidly, and has since been in better health than ever before. London tests show that from three to nine per cent. of the fuel in stoves is lost in smoke.

### THE BAD BOY AND THE BABY

#### THE TROUBLE THE NEW ARRIVAL HAS CAUSED.

How the Bad Boy's Pa Got a Goat for the Infant's Sustenance—His New Situation as Teller in a Livery Stable.

"Well, how is the baby?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the grocery smelling very "horsey," and sat down on the chair with the back gone, and looked very tired. "Oh, dickens take the baby. Everybody asks me about the baby as though it was mine. I don't pay no attention to the blame thing, except to notice the foolishness going on around the house. Say, I guess that baby will grow up to be a fire engine. The nurse coupled the baby on to a section of rubber hose that runs down into a bottle of milk, and it began to get up steam and pretty soon the milk began to disappear, just like the water does when a fire engine couples on to a hydrant. Pa calls the baby 'Old Number Two.' I am 'Number One,' and if pa had a hook and ladder truck and a hose cart and a fire gong, he would imagine he was chief engineer of the fire department. But the baby kicks on this milk wagon milk, and howls like a dog that's got lost. The doctor told pa the best thing he could do was to get a goat, but pa said since we 'nished him into the Masons with the goat, he wouldn't have a goat around no how. The doc told pa the other kind of a goat, I think it was a Samantha goat, he said, wouldn't kick with its head, and pa sent me up into the Polack settlement to see if I could borrow a milk goat for a few weeks. I got a woman to lend us her goat till the baby got big enough to chew beef, for a dollar a week, and paid a dollar in advance, and pa went up with me in the evening to help me get the goat. Well, it was the blindest mistake you ever see. There was two goats so near alike that you couldn't tell which was the goat we leased, and the other goat was the chum of our goat, but it belonged to a Irish woman. We got a bed cord hitched against the Irish goat, and that goat didn't recognize the lease, and when we tried to jerk it along it reared right up and made things lively for pa. I don't know what there is about a goat that makes it get so spunky, but that goat seemed to have a grudge against pa from the first. If there were any places on pa's manly form that the goat did not explore, with its head, pa don't know where the places are. Oh, it lammed him, and when I luffed pa got mad. I told him every man ought to furnish his goats, when he had a baby, and I let go of the rope and started off, and pa said he knew how it was. I wanted him to get killed. It wasn't that, but I saw the Irish woman that owned the goat coming around the corner of the house with a cistern pole. Just as pa was getting the goat out of the gate the goat got crossways of the gate, and pa yanked and doubled the goat right up, and I thought he broke the goat's neck, and the woman thought so too, for she jabbed pa with the cistern pole just below the belt, and she tried to get a hold on pa's hair, but he had her there. No woman can get the advantage of pa in that way, 'cause ma has tried it. Well, pa explained it to the woman, and she let pa off if he would pay her two dollars for damages to her goat, and he paid it, and then we took the nanny goat, and it went right along with us. The baby hasn't done anything but blab since the nurse coupled it onto the goat hydrant. I had to take all my playthings out of the basement to keep the goat from eating them. I guess the milk will taste of powder and singed hair now. The goat got so eating some Roman candles and my chum had laid away in the coal bin, and chewed them around the furnace, and the powder leaked out and a coal fell out of the furnace on the hearth, and you'd a dide those pa and the hired girl and the goat. You see pa can't milk nothing out a milk wagon, and he got the hired girl to milk the goat, and they were just hunting around the basement for the goat, with a tin cup, when the fireworks went off. Well, there was balls of green and red, and blue fire, and spilled powder blazed up, and the goat just looked astonished, and looked on as though it was sorry so much good fodder was spoiled, and when his hair began to burn the goat gave one snort and went between pa and the hired girl like it was shot out of a cannon, and it knocked pa over a washboard into a coal-bin, and the hired girl in among the kindling wood, and she crossed herself and repeated the catechism, and the goat jumped up on top of the brick furnace, and they couldn't get it down. I heard the celebration, and went down and took pa by the pants and pulled him out of the coal-bin, and he said he would surrender, and plead guilty of being the biggest fool in Milwaukee. I pulled the kindling wood off the hired girl, and then she got mad, and said she would milk that goat or die. Oh, that girl has got sand. She used to work in the glass factory. Well, sir, it was a sight worth two shillings and a mission to see that hired girl get up on a step-ladder to milk that goat on top of the furnace, with pa sitting on a barrel of potatoes, bossing the job. They are going to fix a gang-plank to get the goat down off the furnace. The baby kicked on the milk last night. I guess beside tasting of powder and burnt hair, the milk was too warm on account of the furnace. Pa has got to grow a new lot of hair on that goat, or the woman won't take it back. She don't want no bald goat to suit themselves, 'cause I have resigned. I have gone into business. Don't you smell anything that would lead you to surmise that I had gone into business? No drug store this time," and the boy got up and put his

thumbs into the armholes of his vest and looked proud. "Oh, I don't know as I smell anything, except the faint odor of a horse blanket. What you gone into, anyway?" and the grocery man put the wrapping paper under the counter, and put the red chalk in his pocket, so the boy couldn't write any sign to hang up outside. "You hit it the first time. I have accepted a situation of teller in a livery stable," said the boy, as he searched around for the barrel of cat sugar, which had been removed. "Teller in a livery stable! Well, that's a new one on me. What is a teller in a livery stable?" and the grocery man looked pleased, and pointed the boy to a barrel of seven-cent sugar. "Don't you know what a teller is in a livery stable? It is the same as a teller in a bank. I have to grease the harness, oil the buggies, and carry off the horses, and when a man comes in to hire a horse I have to go down to the saloon and tell the livery man. That's what a teller is. I like the teller part of it, but greasing the harness is a little too rich for my blood, but the livery man says if I stick to it I will be governor some day, 'cause most all the great men have begun life taking care of horses. It all depends on my girl whether I stick or not. If she likes the smell of horses I shall be a statesman, but if she objects to it, and sticks up her nose, I shall not be a governor, at the expense of my girl. It beats all, don't it, that woman settle every great question. Everybody does everything to please woman, and if they kick on anything that settles it. But I must go and hire that game between pa and the hired girl and the goat. Say, can't you come over and see the baby?" "Tain't bigger than a small satbel," and the boy waited till the grocery man went to draw some vinegar, when he slipped out and put up a sign written on a shingle with white chalk, "Yellow sand wanted for maple sugar." —Peck's Sun.

### Cities Warmer than the Country.

Those who happen to live at a little distance from the heart of a city, says Science, must frequently have noticed a lack of accord between the readings of their own standard thermometers and the published observations of the signal service observer of their locality. The reason of the discord is plain, viz., the perturbing action of the heat which the city emits, and, however gratifying it may be to the outsider to find himself superior to the government observers, it is very little to the credit of the weather bureau that this particular source of error was not long since recognized and avoided. The remarks of Professor Whitney on this subject, as applied to observations made at London, are pertinent and convincing. He says: "It is a well-known fact that cities are considerably warmer than the more thinly-inhabited country, otherwise under similar climatic conditions. Statistics prove this to be true; and there could be no doubt that such would be the effect of an immense agglomeration of population within a limited space, even if there were no statistics bearing on this question. Many millions of tons of coal are burned in and about London during every year, and the whole mass of heat of which the city is built is heated during the entire winter, and more or less in the summer, many degrees above the natural temperature."

### The Cure of Diphtheria.

A California physician writes: During a prolonged residence in the interior of China I became acquainted with the fact that the Chinese place reliance during epidemics of diphtheria on the internal use of the fresh juice of limes, and the fruit itself, which they consume in enormous quantities, in every conceivable form—as lemonade, with native spirits, cut in slices, etc., during attacks of the dreadful disease, with apparently most successful results, it hardly ever failing to affect a cure. The Chinese consider it a specific, and will, in case of need, do anything to obtain a supply. Since I have come back to California, as also in Louisiana, I have used limes and their juices in my practice as a physician with most successful results in cases of diphtheria, even in the most desperate cases. As soon as I take charge of a case of diphtheria, I order limes to be administered as freely as possible, in any manner the patient can be prevailed upon to take them, especially in the form of hot lemonade, sweetened with white sugar or honey, or cut in slices with powdered white sugar. Beside lime juice (which I suppose acts by imparting an excess of oxygen to the circulation, and thereby prevents formation of vibrios, etc., and so has almost a specific effect on disease), I prescribe whatever drug may be indicated to relieve symptoms as they develop, and impart strength by appropriate stimulants and nourishment.

### Hunting in a Curious Manner.

A Colorado farmer has invented a duck-hunting outfit which discounts the California man's cow. He stripped the hide from a bullock and mounted it on a wire skeleton, which looked as natural as a living animal. He cut away the stomach of his wire bullock for his body, and made two holes through the shoulders to take sight through. When he wants a duck shot he drops his skeleton over his head and starts out for the tulies. He can walk right into a flock of ducks without starting them, and has on one or two occasions returned home with his hiding-place full of teal caught with his hands. He never fails to kill all he wants.

Many sheriffs of North Carolina receive less than \$300 annually in fees.

### A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing  
While the white foam rises high;  
And sturdily wash, and rinse and wring,  
And fasten the clothes to dry;  
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,  
Under the summer sky.  
I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls  
The stains of the week's away;  
And let water and air by their magic make  
Ourselves as poor as they;  
Then on the earth there would be, indeed,  
A glorious washing day.  
Along the path of a useful life  
Will heart's-eyes ever bloom;  
The busy mind has no time to think  
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom,  
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,  
As we busily wield a broom.  
I am glad the task to me is given  
To labor day by day,  
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,  
And I cheerfully learn to say,  
"Head, you may think, heart, you may feel,  
But hand, you shall work away!"  
—Miss Alcott.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The greatest composer—Sleep.  
Checkers is looked upon as a square game.  
The best thing out is believed to be a conflagration.  
The garment of a ghost must be a spirit rapper.  
Should music be sold by the chord?  
Drum music might be sold by the pound.  
The briefless young lawyer must wear his old clothes until he can win a suit in court.  
Every time a man in England scores loud nervous people take it for an explosion of dynamite.  
We never knew a person to eat ordinary lumber, but we have known them to dine on shipboard.  
An exchange says: "Hay smells the sweetest after it is cut." In that respect Limburger cheese cannot compete with hay.  
American mills make 450 miles of thread a day, every foot of which is warranted to tangle when a bachelor undertakes to sew on a button.  
"You said, Mrs. Jones, your umbrella had a straight handle?" "I thought it did, but since it vanished I am quite certain it ended with a hook."  
"Ella is better looking," remarked Mrs. Brown, with a snarl, "but Lucy will get married first." "Yes," chimed in her husband, "gimme Lucif-fer matches every time."  
He rang the door-bell of a banker. The servant tells him "Monsieur does not receive to-day." "That makes nothing to me. My rack is to know if he will give anything."  
"Can you tell me," asked Twisten, "the difference between my cook, this morning, and a passenger on a new railroad? One was lakin' shad and the other was shaken bad."  
"I'm sorry to keep you waiting for your money," said the bank teller to Smithers, "but here's the money all in yellow boys." "Never mind," said Smithers, "I see 'tis worth the wait in gold."  
A paper announced for its columns a forthcoming story entitled "The Prettiest Girl in the Town." A hundred young ladies sent postal cards and warned the editor not to use their names.  
"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a young lady from the country. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel; "that's my yellow outside; he wouldn't come in the store."  
Everything is sweet to the sweet-singing poet. A Western warbler has been attracted by the freckles on the face of a pretty girl. He calls them "brown-eyed daisies slumbering in a field of cream."  
"Esquimaux are said to be able to see objects at a much greater distance than Americans," and as they are nearer, and can see better, and still cannot discover the North pole sticking up out of an open polar sea, it looks like foolish business for Americans to look for it.

### Boys Will Be Boys.

A boy will trap two hundred and forty miles in one day on a rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening; when if you ask him to cross the street and borrow Jones' two-inch auger, he will be as stiff as a meat block. And he will go swimming all day and stay in the water three hours at a time, and splash and dive, and paddle and puff, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face. And he'll wander around a creek bed all the evening piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die when his big sister wants him to pick up a basket of chips for the parlor stove. And he'll spend the biggest part of his time in trying to corner a stray mule or a barebacked horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes his turn to drive the cows home. And he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands attention.

### Growth of the Republic.

It is interesting to contemplate the growth of the great republic in population since the year 1790. It is as follows:

Census of 1790	3,929,214
Census of 1800 <td>5,313,483</td>	5,313,483
Census of 1810 <td>7,239,921</td>	7,239,921
Census of 1820 <td>9,638,922</td>	9,638,922
Census of 1830 <td>12,866,020</td>	12,866,020
Census of 1840 <td>17,069,453</td>	17,069,453
Census of 1850 <td>23,191,876</td>	23,191,876
Census of 1860 <td>31,443,321</td>	31,443,321
Census of 1870 <td>38,556,371</td>	38,556,371
Census of 1880 <td>50,156,784</td>	50,156,784